



# The Spring song of a glad heart.

BY CAROLINE MAY.

And why should I be grave and sad,  
And wear a mournful look,  
When nature teaches joy to me,  
From out her flower-wrought book?  
When she telleth me to sing aloud,  
And sings herself, to show  
How music ought, in sweet spring time,  
From every thing to flow.

Hark! how the birds are carolling  
From the boughs of every tree;  
As if each drop of morning dew  
Were a fount of melody.  
Hark! how the bees are murmuring  
Over the garden bowers,  
Beating upon the gauze-like wings  
Sweet gifts from all the flowers.

Hark! how the ever-restless winds  
Are singing all about,  
Now whispering love like tales of love,  
Then bursting with a shout!  
Hark! how glad sounds float everywhere  
The stainless ether through—  
And tell me, when all nature sings,  
Why should not I sing too?

Look on the blossoms of those trees,  
How the sunshine gleams bright;  
And how each blade of young, green grass,  
Seems laughing in the light;  
Look, how the newly-opened leaves  
Quiver, and gleam, and dance,  
As if they were in ecstasies,  
At the merry spring's first glance.

Look, how the swift breeze springs to meet  
The waves upon the bay,  
And how they toss their foam on high,  
As they wrestle in their play;  
Look how the white and fleecy clouds  
Sail smiling o'er the blue;  
And tell me, when all nature smiles,  
Why should not I smile too?

The spirit of the blessed spring  
Bids me look up, and see  
How she spreads beauty everywhere,  
On wave, and lawn, and sea,  
And so I look—obeying quick  
Her care dispelling voice:  
And as I look, I dearly love,  
And as I love, rejoice.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### A Day's Excursion.

One day last Summer I took my place in a Gravesend steamer, and found considerable amusement in watching the various characters. Two persons in particular attracted our notice; and one was a gentleman, stout, rather stoutly and taciturn, who paid no attention to any living being on board, except a huge Newfoundland dog, that was panting or rolling out his tongue, or, when he was not doing either, was looking at the passengers, showing them out of his way, or frightening the children, by suddenly covering their faces with one lick of his great tongue, and conveying nervous ladies that he was going mad, by the vigor with which he stuck out his legs while rolling upon the deck. His master eyed these pranks with a sly smile, and seemed quietly to enjoy the terrors occasioned by the antics of his burly friend. The other person who I especially noticed was a very pretty and well dressed lady. Young lady, no doubt she would have been called, but that she had with her a little girl, about seven years old, who called her mamma. She was evidently possessed of nerves; indeed, she seemed to be possessed by them, and their name is legion. Endless were the petty annoyances in which they involved her. But her keenest sufferings in the small way were caused by the unwieldy gambols of Lion the Newfoundland dog; and her incessant and puerile exclamations of terror, indignation, and spite, against the good natured brute, kept up the sly malicious smile upon the lip of his apparently unnoticed master. The little girl, on the contrary, had, to the increased alarm of the weak mother, made friends with the monster, and for a long time amused herself by throwing bits of biscuits at him to catch, which feat, notwithstanding the incorrigibility of her aim, he managed to accomplish, by making a boisterous plunge, to one side or the other; and when at last she timidly offered him a piece out of her hand, he acknowledged the compliment by licking her face and rubbing his side against her until the little creature fairly screamed with delight. Her mother screamed too, but in one of the small hysterical screams in which she was fond of indulging, and which was followed by an outburst of anger at Lion's audacity.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "if that horrid creature should be mad, he'd have killed my child! How dirty he is, too! Look at your pelisse, Adeline; see what a state it is in! How dare you play with that animal?"

This transition from hydrophobia to a soiled dress was too much for Lion's master, and he burst into a loud and long laugh.

"I wish, sir," said the lady, snappishly, "that you would carry away that nasty dog, instead of setting him on to abuse every body, who is not accustomed to have such dirty animals about them!"

The gentleman said nothing, but bowed and walked forward; and I soon after saw him enjoying a cigar, while Lion played the agreeable, in his own rough fashion, to people who knew how to read the expression of his honest and intelligent physiognomy.

Little Adeline, deprived of the attraction which had fixed her attention to the inside of the boat, began to see amusement in watching the funning water, as it rushed from the paddle wheels, and danced in long lines behind them. She knelt on a shawl which a fellow

passenger had lent, as a cushion for her little knees, and leaned quietly over the side, watching the roaring water; so her mother was for a time relieved from a thousand mosquito-winged vexations which had hitherto beset her.

We were within a few miles of Gravesend. The tide was just at the full, and the broad expanse of the river lay around us in all its majesty; and to those who have never beheld the Hudson or the Mississippi, old Father Thames is majestic, ay, and if we place in the balance the historic, political and commercial importance of the transactions of which his broad breast is, and has been the highway, our time honored river will not lose in dignity even when compared with those giant floods of the west.

Such thoughts as these, however, did not come in Adeline's pretty head, which began to grow giddy with the continual whirl beneath her. A large sea-weed, that was washed from the paddle wheel, caught her attention. It sank, then rose, it turned around in a short eddy, and then darted out in the long wake that was left behind the steamer. She leaned forward to watch its progress, further still—her neck was stretched—she lost her balance, and tumbled into the roaring flood. In a moment all was confusion abroad. Men were shouting for ropes and boats, to stop the steamer: cries of "A child overboard!" "Who can swim!" and a thousand other cries and questions; but, above all, were the poor mother's heart rending shrieks, too painfully in earnest now, and she, also, in the blind, instinctive devotion of maternal love heedless that even should she reach her child she could only sink with her, endeavoring to leap into the water to save her.

Suddenly, Lion followed closely by his master, came tearing along the deck, knocking the people to the right and left like nine-pins. They sprang into the boat that hung on the stern, every body giving way before the determined energy of both man and dog. Lion looked anxiously in his master's face, and uttered a sharp low howl.

"Wait," said the latter, in reply; "where was she when she fell?"

"There, sir," replied a sailor promptly; "there beside that piece of plank."

"How often has she risen?"

"Twice."

The gentleman drew a long breath, and said to his dog, in a low tone, "Look out!" And Lion did look out, with wild and flashing eyes, and limbs that trembled with anxiety. What a moment was that! Every one else was passive; every other attempt was laid aside, and all stood in mute expectation. Those who were near enough watched the rising of the poor child, and those who could not see the water, kept their eyes fixed upon Lion.

In another instant a cry was raised, as a golden tressed head was seen to emerge from the water. The noble dog had seen her first, thought; and, ere the warning cry had reached his ears, he had dashed from the boat with wonderful rapidity, and was swimming towards the little sufferer as though he knew that life and death depended on his efforts.

His master marked his progress anxiously. His face was as pale as death, and it was only by rigidly compressing them that he could control the nervous quivering of his lips.

"He has her," he exclaimed, as Lion rose to the surface, after a long dive, holding the little Adeline by the hair of the head in such a manner that her face was out of water.

"He has her, and she is saved!"

Down went the steps, and on them stood a couple of active sailors, encouraging the brave dog by shouts and gestures, and ready to receive his precious burden when he approached them.

Slowly he came on, wisely eyeing the steps, and now and then looking up at his master, who was encouraging him with his well-known voice.

"Here you are!" cried the sailors, seizing the little girl. She was handed from one to another, and at last deposited in the arms of an active looking gentleman, whom every one seemed instinctively to recognize as a surgeon, and by him carried below.

"Now come up, that's a brave fellow," said the sailor, returning to make way for Lion to climb up the steps: But the poor creature whined piteously, and, after one or two fruitless attempts to raise himself out of the water, he remained quite passive.

"Help him—help him!—he is exhausted!" cried his master, fighting his way through the crowd, to go to the rescue of his favorite. By the time, however, he had reached the top of the ladder, the sailors had perceived the condition of the dog and with some difficulty dragged him up the water. With their assistance he crawled feebly up, and languidly licked his master's hand, and stretched himself on the deck.

It would be difficult to tell which received the most attention—the little girl under the hand of the surgeon and all the women who had squeezed themselves into the cabin, under the firm conviction that they could make themselves useful in proportion to the density of the crowd, or the faithful Lion who was engrossing the rough but kind attention of the steamer's men, under the superintendence of his master.

Both the invalids were convalescent, and Lion was sitting up, receiving with quiet dignity the caresses of his friends, when Adeline's mother came running up stairs, and throwing herself upon her knees before him, and clasping him affectionately in her arms, laid her cheeks upon his rough head and wept.

"He's a dirty animal, madam," said the gentleman, who had not forgotten her former slighting remarks; "he'll make your pelisse in such a state. Besides, he may be mad."

She cast up her eyes with an expression of mock reproach. They were very fine eyes, and I think he felt, for his features softened immediately.

"Oh, pray, pray, give him to me!" she earnestly entreated.

"Give Lion to you?" he exclaimed, in decision; "Why, what would you do with him? I will tell you. You'd pet and pamper the poor beast till he was eaten up with disease, and as nervous as a fine lady. No, no; you'd better give Adeline to me. Lion and I can take much better care of her than you can."

"Perhaps so, sir," she replied with the gentle manner that had come over her since the accident; "but still I could not spare her—she is my only child, and I am a widow."

"I must go," muttered the gentleman to himself; "when I see the immortal Walter assured us that one widow is equal to twenty-five ordinary women? It's not safe—morally safe—to be in the same boat with her."

He walked away, but who can wrestle against fate? When the boat returned to London Bridge I saw him carrying Adeline ashore, and the widow leaning on his arm. They had a long conversation all the way home! And, when he had put them in a cab, they had another chat through the window, terminating with a promise to "come early."

What could all this mean? He looked after the cab till it was out of sight.

"I think she has got rid of her nerves," he observed to himself; "what a charming creature she is without them!"—English Paper.

## LADIES DEPARTMENT.

### Woman's Proper Sphere.

The following article is extracted from a late discourse of Rev. E. P. Rogers, on "The Obligations and Duties of the Female sex to Christianity."

Let me urge here upon my female hearers, especially those who are in youth, the importance of taking loftier and better views of life than those taught by the vain world. It is a sad thing to see so many of the young and fair whose life is almost a blank—I will not say a blot; whose keen susceptibilities, whose noble powers, whose deep affections, whose precious time is lavished only upon dress and gaudy, and fashionable visiting; who wear the bright apparel of the butterfly, and are as light and graceful, and as useless, too; whose conversation finds no higher or more improving subject than the idle gossip of the day, the last party, or the never-fading topic—dress; whose reading is the miserable trash which is inundating every community, and enervating and dissipating the minds of our youth; whose whole life seems to be an aimless, frivolous life; and who, as they flit by on their airy wings, provoke the inquiry—"For what were these pretty creatures made?" I pray you take loftier views of life than these. While I would not draw you from the rational pleasures of society, nor bring one gloomy cloud upon your youthful sky, I still would plead for some serious hours, some industrious moments, some time appropriated to the culture of the mind, the enriching of the memory with stores of useful knowledge. I would plead that the capacities and aspirations of the immortal part receive some ministration, and that the moral faculties be cultivated and stimulated, and the generous impulses of the soul be expended in labors for the best good of those around you. Be assured there is no beauty like that of goodness—there is no power like that of virtue; personal beauty may attract the admiration of the passing hour, but it is the richer beauty of the moral worth, the loveliness of the soul, that commands the deepest reverence, and secures the most enduring affection. Even men who have no religion themselves, but who are men of judgment, and whose opinion is worth the most, respect and admire a lady most, who displays in her character the "beauty of holiness."

If there is one sight more than any other in this world of sin and sorrow, which combines all the elements of beauty, of nobleness, and of worth, it is that of a young and lovely female, whose youth and beauty, whose depth and richness of affection, and whose powerful influence on human hearts, are all consecrated to the cause of truth and holiness, laid as an humble offering at the Saviour's feet! Such a being is indeed worthy the reverence and admiration of every true and noble heart; and she will command it, even when the light of her beauty is quenched, and the flower of her loveliness is faded. But if there is a sad, heart-breaking sight on earth, it is that of one gifted with all the charms which nature lavishes upon daughters, prostituting them upon the altar of vanity and fashion, and starving the soul on the unmeaning flattery of a vain and hollow-hearted world; running a giddy round of gaudy, frivolity, and dissipation; laying up in the future a cheerless and forsaken old age, and a miserable, remorseless eternity.

"Oh, what is woman?" What her smiles, Her lips of love, her eyes of light? What is she, if then her life revolve The lowly Jesus? Love may write His name upon her marble brow, And linger in her curls of jet; The light spring flowers may, meekly bow Before her tread—and yet—and yet Without that meeker grace, she'll be A lighter thing than vanity!"

Palmer's Register.

## AGRICULTURAL.



### The best rotation of crops.

Judge Buel, who was an excellent practical farmer, says:

"The best guards against drouth are, keeping the soil deep, rich, clean, and mellow, on the surface." He also assures us, that "the fibrous rooted vegetables gather their sustenance from the upper, and the tap rooted from the lower stratum." I have said deep plowing is necessary to prepare the ground for the succeeding crop of rye and clover, in order that there may be a deep permeable soil for the long tap root of the latter, and thus enable it to draw its nourishment from the sub-soil. The corn will also be greatly benefited by deep plowing, because this is not only the best guard against drouth, but also enables the roots of corn to penetrate deeper in the soil, and thus derive a fuller supply of food than they could possibly do if only enabled to extend themselves along the surface of the ground.

The advantage of deep plowing may be best attained, in the foregoing rotation, by effectually turning under the clover ley, in the fall, or early in the winter. The sooner this operation is performed, after the second crop of clover is thoroughly ripe and dry, the better, because it would have more time to go through the process of putrescent fermentation, before the clover is thrown to the surface, by plowing the ground the next summer. The following plan is recommended: So soon as the second growth of clover is thoroughly ripe and dry, let the clover ley be carefully turned under, with suitable plows; and, to accomplish this more effectually, let a second plow of suitable construction, follow each of the large plows in the same furrow, so as to deepen the loose soil, and completely cover the clover.

To facilitate this purpose, a brush drag should precede the first plow, so as to lay the clover in the same direction in which the ground is to be plowed. If this operation is well performed, the clover ley will be completely buried, and a deep, loose soil found, which may remain undisturbed until near the time for planting corn in April following, when the ground should be well harrowed, and checked off very shallow, with light one-horse plows, and plowed. In order not to disturb the clover beneath, the corn should be cultivated entirely with light one-horse harrows or cultivators, till about the first of July. By this time, the clover will probably have gone through the putrescent fermentation, and should now be well stirred with shovel plows, each way, and so deep as to scatter and bring near to the surface a sufficient portion of clover seed to furnish the succeeding crop of clover.

Early in September, the field should be sown in rye, and put in with the cultivator, or corn harrow, so as to leave a tolerable level surface, for the benefit of the succeeding crops of rye and clover, both of which are to be fed on the ground. If the corn among which the rye is to be sown, in September, shall have been blown down, or tangled so much that the cultivator or corn harrow cannot be used, in putting in the rye, this operation must be delayed till the corn is cut up, and put in shocks. As it is important that the rye crop should be sown early, in order that it may furnish a good pasture the ensuing winter and spring, it is necessary that the corn crop should be planted early, so that it may be ready the sooner to cut off, in case it should be so tangled as to prevent the rye being sown among the standing corn. Besides, even if it can be sown, before the corn is cut off, it is important that this operation be performed soon after, as much benefit will thereby result to the rye crop, by affording it room and air.

The corn crop should always be cut up, when thoroughly ripe, as well for the purpose of providing, as with a view to saving of manure. It should be fed to fattening cattle, in feeding pens, so situated as to be best adapted to the saving of manure, and convenience of hauling to the proper fields. That part of the fodder, from which the corn shall have been shucked, should be fed in the same manner, with a view to the same object. Judge Buel states that by pursuing the course recommended, ten or twelve loads of manure may readily be obtained every spring, from each animal wintered in the yard.

Prospect Hill, Ky.

A. BEATTY.

### From the Olive Branch, Mineral Manures.

We have considered of the utility of caustic lime as it facilitates the decomposition of Silicious rocks, and it must be evident that sub-soil of a strictly calcareous nature requires a very different manure. Since Calcareous manures are most adaptable to a Silicious soil it follows that a Calcareous soil is most benefited by a Silicious manure, an equilibrium being the desideratum in both instances. Therefore, Clay and Silicious gravel should be applied to Limestone soils, and if a larger amount of the alkalies are required than can be furnished by the clayey matter, the cinders

of coal and ashes of plants may be employed as sources of those bodies.

Argillaceous soils may be rendered productive by the application of Silica and Lime, or, what is a thorough but more expensive process, the clayey soil may be slightly calcined, which will render it extremely fertile. The latter, now well known, fact is due to a principle in chemistry, which assumes that caloric is opposed to cohesive attraction, or to another law, which is, that caloric is antagonistic to chemical affinity. In the former case the superiority of soil formed of burned clay is owing to the loose friable nature of the material, which permits the percolation of air and water, and allows the rootlets of the plant to penetrate to a considerable depth; in the latter case the calcination imparts to the Silicious soil, (of the clay), a tendency to decomposition, which action affords the sustenance suitable to plants.

Some varieties of Clay, however, are deficient in Lime. To soils composed of such Clay, Lime must be added, most advantageously before calcinations. Marl (Clay rich with calcareous matter) may be employed as a source of Lime.

The application of Sulphate of Lime, (Gypsum), as a manure, is very advantageous to certain of the leguminous plants which plants, however, by analysis, yield no Sulphate of Lime. The gypsum is not assimilated, but by a process of double decomposition forms with ultimate of Ammonia, present in the soil, Urmate of Lime, and Sulphate of Ammonia, the latter soluble salt being absorbed by the rootlets of the plant; the Nitrogen of the Ammonia is, therefore, the true nourishing principle.

From the Dollar Newspaper.

### Fire vs. Caterpillars.

Some years ago, great numbers of caterpillars made their appearance in our fruit trees—apples, peaches and plums—committing terrible depredations. Many trees were entirely stripped of their leaves, and of course we had but little fruit, and that scrubby. In spite of our efforts to subdue them their numbers increased annually. At last I took a pole long enough to reach all the nests, and on the small end of it put a coating of about six inches in length; around this I wound some tow or flax about half an inch thick, and covered it again with tar, and so on with tar and tow alternately, until I had a bunch about twice the size of a cocoa nut with tar on the outside. This completed, I took it to the trees infested, and setting fire to it with a friction match, I held it near the nests, so that the blaze would reach them but a moment was required to destroy both caterpillars and their nests. Such a tar knot will burn at least an hour. No harm is done to the tree, except when the nest is near some buds, and even then it is inconsiderable. Having persisted in this plan we are now but little troubled with them. It is preferable to pulling the nests down, as none of the inhabitants of the nest escape.—Not one nest out of one hundred will be rebuilt.—Warren Co., N. J., 1850.

AGRICOLA.

### Soaking Corn in Saltpetre.

I have never yet heard of corn soaked in saltpetre causing an explosion, after being taken into the crop of Mr. Crow; but I do know that this Crow family do not relish corn soaked in it. I have tried the plan of feeding crows by stirring corn, not soaked, on the ground, and they soon called together the whole family, even to thirty-third cousins, for a regular feast, and soon ate up the whole given them, after they pulled up half a field of 20 acres besides, as desert, not leaving even the third plowing.

I have soaked corn in saltpetre for several years. It gives the young plant a healthy appearance and vigorous growth in the start, causing it to mature almost two weeks earlier than when planted without soaking. B.

### Smoking Potatoes.

A correspondent of the Cultivator writing from Green Bay, Wisconsin, says:

"I have been informed by a gentleman of my acquaintance, that he stepped his potatoes from rotting by smoking them. After the potatoes were dug and placed in the cellar, (an out door cellar,) he built a smoke and continued it eight or ten days, when affected parts dried up, and the rest of the potato remained sound and good through the winter. The remedy was discovered by placing fire in an unobstructed cellar, to prevent the vegetables freezing—immediately after which it was found that the potatoes stopped rotting. He says he has tried the experiment for two or three years past, and has never known it to fail of arresting the disease immediately."

### Medicine for Horses.

A general rule, any medicine, except an emetic, is good for a horse that is good for the same complaint in the human system.—Multiply an ordinary dose for a man by nine for a common horse, or even by twelve for a very large horse.

The above was obtained upon a late visit to Col. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, and few men in this country are more competent to give prescriptions of the kind than that gentleman. He has been long known as one of the best breeders of horses, in the United States, as well as one of the first rate cotton planters and stock breeders in the south.

## CARNOLIA INN.



CHARLOTTE, N. C.

THE above establishment, situated on Main Street, third lot North of the Public Square, in the town of Charlotte, has been constantly kept open by the present Proprietor, from the 1st of January, 1840 to the present time, for the accommodation of the Public, and will continue to be kept open for the same purpose.

The establishment has been enlarged and improved to a very considerable extent within the last two years—the entire building is in complete repair and is so constructed that all the rooms have abundant light and can be ventilated at pleasure.

The Stables are not inferior to any belonging to any similar Establishment in Western North Carolina; and care will be taken that they shall always be supplied with abundance of good grain and provender and attended by faithful and experienced Hostlers.

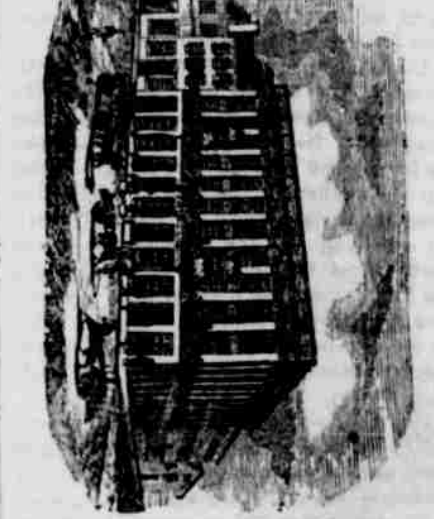
The Subscriber will use every exertion to give satisfaction to all who may patronize his House, and hesitates not to say that, from ten years' experience he will be able to keep up the accommodation at the Carnolia Inn, in a style not surpassed by any Public House in the interior country—and he takes this opportunity to return his cordial respects to the Public, and Public for past favors, and respectfully solicits a continuance of their patronage and confidence.

DEOVERS can, at all times, be supplied with convenient and well enclosed lots, free of charge, and furnished with grain at low prices.

The Charlotte and Camden Stages arrive and depart 1st weekly.

JENNINGS B. KERR.

Oct. 18, 1840.



## AMERICAN HOTEL,

CORNER OF KING AND GEORGE STREETS,

CHARLESTON, S. C.

IN addition to the late improvements to this establishment, ten more new rooms have been added by the present Proprietor, for the better accommodation of his friends. It will compare favorably with any similar establishment, either in point of architecture, beauty or its accommodations, in the Southern country. The American is conveniently situated in respect to the Rail Road and Steamboat landing, being equidistant from both. The Proprietor pledges himself to use every exertion to give satisfaction.

F. A. HOKE.

Oct. 19, 1840.

## DR. KUHIL'S

### Abyssinia Mixture,

For Catarrh, Influenza, Coughs, Piles, Gravel, Gonorreia, Gleet, Fever, Ailments, the Whites, Weakness, Obstructions, &c.

Gold Hill, N. C., Aug. 1, 1848.

Dr. J. Kuhil—Dear Sir: You will please forward to us as soon as convenient, a fresh supply of the Restorer of the Blood and the Abyssinia Mixture, we have sold out some time. The Restorer and the Depository Powder, have proved to be very efficacious in the treatment of the chest, Rheumatism, Sore Legs, Inflammation of the Eyes, Debility, and other chronic diseases. We warranted the Abyssinia Mixture to every patient, and no one has asked to get the money returned, but on the contrary, every one has praised its great salutary powers. We remain yours, respectfully,

A. & D. W. HONEYCUTT.

CORONADO, N. C., July 22, 1848.

Dr. Kuhil—Dear Sir: We have sold out all of your Abyssinia Mixture, it has given entire satisfaction to all those who have used it. We have warranted the Abyssinia Mixture in all cases on our own account; and we can say, it has never failed. We have daily called for more of the Abyssinia Mixture, and you will please send us as soon as possible such a supply which will fill our great demand. Very respectfully yours,

PHILIP & YORKE.

Letter from Major Donald McDougald, Creek Post Office.

MOORE COUNTY, N. C., Dec. 25, 1848.

Dr. J. Kuhil—Dear Sir: A lady in this county, afflicted with a nervous complaint, Protrusion Uteri, Fever Ailment, and a somewhat despondent mind, caused by obstruction, was for about twelve months attended by four of our eminent physicians, without any effect, and every one successively declared her incurable, and that she had to die. She then procured two bottles of your Abyssinia Mixture from me, which cured her entirely. She has since married, and is in perfect good health and happy. The Abyssinia Mixture has likewise proved very efficacious in many other diseases, but particularly in female diseases, in which it should have the preference of all others.

Yours obediently,

DUGALD McDUGALD.

Price for the Abyssinia Mixture per bottle 75 cents, \$1.25 & \$3.50.

Likewise on hand and for sale, Dr. Kuhil's Restorer, Universal Plaster, Gold Mine Balsam, &c. T. J. HOLTON, Agent, Charlotte, N. C.

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